

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

SNOW ON PENDLE IN JULY 1806 July the 11th, 1806, Pendle Hill this day covered with snow.

In the warmth of summer's embrace, a tale unfolds, Upon the canvas of time, a sight to behold. July's sun should dance upon fields so green, But nature's whimsy painted a different scene.

In eighteen hundred and six, on this fateful morn, Pendle Hill, majestic, in white was adorned. A rare spectacle, a paradoxical sight, Snowflakes descending, defying logic's might.

Whispers of wonder echoed through the air, As villagers gazed, with a curious stare. Their eyes wide with awe, hearts filled with surprise, For snow in July was nature's sweet disguise.

The hill, once clothed in verdant attire, Now draped in a frosty, crystalline attire. A juxtaposition of seasons, so stark and bold, As winter embraced summer, a tale untold. The meadows and valleys, once kissed by the sun, Now wore a frosty shroud, as if day was undone. The flowers, bewildered, their petals held tight, Their vibrant hues dimmed by winter's slight.

Yet amidst this anomaly, nature found a way, To remind us of her whimsy, her eternal play. For even in the strangest of times and places, Beauty arises, captivating our gazes.

Snowflakes danced gracefully, like whispers of dreams, Melting upon arrival, as transient as moonbeams. They whispered of magic, of mysteries untold, Snow on Pendle in July, a story to behold.

So let us remember, in life's uncertain fray, That wonders abound, even in the strangest array. Nature's enigma, a gentle reminder to see, The extraordinary in the ordinary, our spirits set free.

And though time may pass, and memories fade, The snow on Pendle, in our hearts, is displayed. A reminder of the extraordinary, in the simplest of guise, Snowflakes in July, an eternal surprise.

By Donald Jay